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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Tide Tarrieth No Man

By George Wapull

Date of only known Edition 1576

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Tide Tarrieth No Man

By GEORGE WAPULL

[1576]

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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The Tide Tarrieth No Man

By GEORGE WAPULL

[1576]

The only known early edition of this play is that now presented in facsimile, the original of which is in the British Museum.

Until "the Irish Find," the only other copy known was that, formerly Heber's, now at Chatsworth.

Of George Wapull the "Dictionary of National Biography" makes no mention whatever.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original, says it is again excellent in all save insuperable minor mechanical difficulties incident to the process.

JOHN S. FARMER.

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THE
Tyde taryeth no Man.

A MOSTE PLEASant and merry commedy, right pythie and full of delight.

Compiled by George Wapull.

¶ Fowre persons may easily play it.

1. The Prologue, Hurtfull help, the Tenaunt, Faithfull few for one.
2. Paynted profyte, No good Neighbourhod, the Courtyer, Wastefulnesse, Christianitye, Correction for another.
3. Corage the Vice, Debtor, for another.
4. Fayned furtheraunce, Greedinesse the Marchaunt, Wantonnesse the Woman, the Sertaunt, Authority and Dispayre, for another.

¶ *Imprinted at London, in Fleete-*
streate, beneath the Conduite, at the
Signe of Saynt Iohn Euaungelist,
by Hugh Iackson.
1576.

The Prologue.

AS the worme which in the timber is bred,
The selfe same timber doth consume and eate:
And as the meth which is commonly fed,
In the cloth with her bred, and the same doth frete.
So many persons are a damage great,
To their own countrey, which hath them relieued,
And by them their own countrey ofte times is greeued.

¶So many cities and townes are defamed,
By reason that some inhabitauntes is ill:
So that for ones facte, the whole towne is blamed,
Although the residue to good doe their will.
Yet the fact of this one, the others good name doth spill,
And thus a reproch to his own towne ingendreth,
And the good name of the whole town he hindereth.

¶To what ende these wordes we haue spoken,
In our matter shalbe more playnely expresst,
Which the Tide tarieth no man, to name hath token,
For that it is moste agreeable and best.
Because that no man from his pleasure will rest,
But ech man doth take the time of his gayne,
Although the same be to others great payne.

¶For so greedy is the person auaricious,
Whome Saint Austen doth well liken to hell,
For that they both are so much insacious,
That neyther of them know when they are well.
And Ambrosius doth verify and tell,
How that couetous persons do lack that they haue,
And therefore not satisfyed till they are in graue.

¶But where such people are, small loue there doth rest,
But greedy desyre supplieth the place:
The symple ones commonly, by such are oppresst,
For they nothing way, any needy mans case.

But with greedy grype, their gayne they imbrace,
No kind of degree that they will forbeare,
Neyther any time they will let slip or spare.

¶And although that here a Courtyer is named,
Yet thereby is not ment the Courtyer alone:
But all kindes of persons, who their suites haue framed,
Or to any such greedy guttes, haue made their mone.
Being driuen to their shiftes, to haue ought by lone,
Yow greedinesse at such times, doth get what he can,
And therefore still cryeth, Tyde tarieth no man.

¶Which prouerbe right well might be applyed,
To a better sence then it is vsed:
There is time to aske grace, this may not be denyed,
Of thy sinfull life so greatly abused.
Let not that time then be refused,
For that tyde most certayne will tarry no man,
Thus taking the prouerbe, we rightly do scan.

¶Thus worshipfull Audyence, our Authour desyreth,
That this his name you will not depraue:
But if any fault be, he humbly requireth,
That due intelligence thereof he may haue,
Committing himselfe to your discretions graue,
And thus his Prologue he rudely doth end,
For at hand to approche, the Players intend.

Finis.

Courage the Vice entreth.

TO the Barge to,
Come they that will go,
Why sirs I say whan:
It is high tyde,
We may not abide,
Tide taryeth no man.
If ye will not go,
Why then tell me so,
Or else come away straight:
If you come not sone,
You shall haue no rome.
for we haue almost our frayte
There are Usurers great,
Who their braynes doe beat,
In deuising of guyles:
False dealers also,
A thousand and mo,
Which know store of wyles.
Crafty cutpurses,
Faydens mylchmurses,
Wiues of the stampe:
Who loue mo then one,
For lying alone,
Is yll for the crampe.
Husbandes as good,
As wigges made of wood:
We haue there also,
With seruauntes so sure,
As packthred most pure,
Which men away thro.
There are such a sight,
I cannot resite,
The halfe that we haue:
And I of this Barge,
Haue the greatest charge,
Their lines for to saue.
Corage contagious,
Or courage contrarious,
That is my name:
To which that I will,
My mind to fulfill,
My maners I frame.
Corage contagious,
When I am outragious,
In working of yll:
And Corage contrary,
When that I doe vary,
To compasse my will.
For as in the Ee,
For certayne we see,
Sweete honey and sting:
So I in my mind,
The better to blind,
Two corages bring.
And as with the sowre,
Ech day and hower,
The Phisition inuenteth:
To mingle as meete,
Something that is sweete,
Which his pacient contenteth.
Euen so some while,
To collour my guile,
Do geue corage to good:
For I by that meane,
Will conuey very cleane,
And not be vnderstood.
Now syr to showe,
Whether we do goe,
Will doe very well,
We meane to preuayle,
And therefore we sayle,
To the Diuell of hell.

And though it be farre,
Yet welcome we are,
When thether we come:
No chere there is,
Whereof we shall misse,
But be sure of some.
I Corage do call,
Both great and small,
To the Barge of sinne:
Where in they doe wallow,
Till hell doe them swallow,
That is all they do win.
When come ye away,
Thus still I doe say,
As lowde as I can:

Take time while time is,
Least that you doe misse,
Tyde taryeth no man.
With catching and snatching
Waking and watching,
Running and rydyng:
Let no time escape,
That for you doth make,
For Tyde hath no bydyng.
But ebbing and flowing,
Comming and going,
It neuer doth rest:
Therefore when you may,
Make no delay,
For that is the best.

¶ Hurting helpe, Paynted profite, Fayned furtheraunce.

Helpe. ¶ By the masse syrs see where he is.
Profyte. ¶ I tould thee that heare we should him not misse.
Helpe. ¶ God mayster Corage most hartely god euen. Salute corage
Corage. ¶ In fayth my friendes welcome, all three by saynt Steuen.
Jesus god Lord how doe ye fare?
Couer your heads, why are you bare?
And how syrs, now syrs, leads you your lines,
Which of all you three, now the best thrines?
Helpe. ¶ Tush man none of vs can doe amisse,
For we doe allwayes take time while time is.
And where euer we goe like counsayle we giue,
Telling all men that here they shall not still liue.
Corage. ¶ Thereto hurtefull Helpe, thou dost very well,
The Tyde tarieth no man, thou must allwayes tell.
Helpe. ¶ Indede hurtefull Helpe, that is my name,
But I would not that all men should know the same.
For I am a broker the truth is so,
Wherefore if men in me hurtfulnesse should knew,
There ware fewer none that with me would deale,
Therefore this word hurtfull I neuer reueale.

My name I say, playne Helpe to be,
Wherefore ech man for helpe doth come vnto me,
God mayster Helpe, helpe to that or this,
And of good reward you shall not misse.

Profite. ¶ And as thou from Helpe, hurtfull doste throw,
So paynted, from Profyte, I must forgoe,
For if any man know me, for profyte but paynted,
Men will but little with me be acquaynted.
My mayster who a good gentleman is,
Thinketh me as profitable as he can wish.
So that playne Profite, he thinketh my name,
And before his face, my deedes shew the same.

Further. ¶ Farewell my maysters for I may hence walke,
For I see you two will haue all the talke.

Fayne a going out.

Corage. ¶ What fayned Furtheraunce are you so coy,
Will you neuer leaue the trickes of a boy,
Come agayne I say, least I doe you fet,
And say what thou wilt, here shall no man let.

Further. ¶ Fet mee?

Corage. ¶ Yea fet thee.

Further. ¶ Marry doe what thou dare.

Corage. ¶ That will I not spare. Out quickly with his dagger.

Helpe. ¶ God sir hold your hand, and beare with his rudenesse,

Corage. ¶ May I cannot nor will not suffer his Lewdenesse.

Further. ¶ Tush a figge for him, let him doe what he can.

Corage. ¶ Alas sir who are you, but a Parchauntes man,
God sir what you are, we know right well,
Who is your mayster, and where you doe dwell,
You professe that your mayster you doe greatly further,
And yet for his goodes, you would him gladly murther.

Further. ¶ If so I doe wish, it is long of thee,
For thou therevnto haste encouraged mee.

Profyte. ¶ What hasht I say, no more of these wordes,
For appeaching oft, the appeacher disturbes.

Be

Be friendes agayne as you were at the firſt,
Let eche man ſay the beſt, and leaue out the woꝛſt.

Further. ¶ I foꝛ my part doe thereunto conſent. And ſhake handes.

Corage. ¶ Then geue me thy hand if thou be content.
Now are we friendes, as at firſt we were,

Further. Therefoꝛe ſtraight way thy mind let vs here.

¶ Truely I meane to doe euen as doe the reſt,
Foꝛ in mine opinion that is the beſt,
And as hurting helpe, hath hurting foꝛgone,
And paynted pꝛofyte, is pꝛofyte alone,
So I fayned furtheraunce, henceforth doe minde,
To be furtheraunce playne, leauing fayned behind:
Other mens furtheraunce to ſeeke I will ſay,
Yet will I ſeeke mine owne as much as I may.

Corage. ¶ Elſe werte thou vnwiſe, yea and a very fole,
Thou learnedſt none otherwiſe, I trow in my ſchole.
I am a ſchoolemayſter foꝛ you thꝛee moſt fytte,
Who indued you with courage, in ſtead of great wytte.

Helpe. ¶ To be our mayſter wilt thou take in hand,
Why we are as good as thou, thou ſhalt vnderſtand.

Corage. ¶ Alas poꝛe knaues, what could you thꝛee doe,
If you haue not courage belonging thereto.

Helpe. ¶ And what can courage doe without helpe,
As much as a kitling oꝛ ſucking whelpe.

Corage. ¶ And by hurtfull helpe, what am I the better,
Being holpe to a hurt, I am no great getter.

Helpe. ¶ It is folly with thee thus to contend,
We are as good as thou, and ſo I doe ende.

Corage. ¶ Since that by woꝛdes I can no maſtry haue,
I would pꝛoue what my manhood will doe foꝛ knaue.

Profite. ¶ Why arte thou blind, mayeſt thou not ſee,
That agayne thee one, we are here thꝛee.

Corage. ¶ And what can thꝛee doe agaynſt one,
I hauing courage, and they hauing none.
Therefoꝛe courage will claw you oꝛ you goe hence,
Now defend your ſelues I will ſee your fence.

¶ What

Helpe. ¶What Corage I say thy hand now stay.
Corage. ¶Will you then consent to that which I say.
Helpe. ¶There is no remedy but we must consent,
Sometimes it is good a foles minde to content:
Therefore I am content to be thine inferiour,
And I will from henceforth take thee for superiour.
Corage. ¶And so will the residue I trow also.
Profyte. ¶If you say I syr, we will not say no.
Corage. ¶Well syrs, then I will shew you my minde,
But fyrst I will distribe your, ech one in his kinde,
Thou helpe arte a broker, betweene man and man,
Where by much deceyte thou vsest now and than,
Profite is one, who by seruice in sight,
Doth cause his mayster to thinke him most right,
A profytable seruaunt, he thinketh him to be,
Because he is profytable, while he doth him see.
And fayned Furtherance, doth fayne him to further,
His mayster and others, whome fayne he would murther.
Thus in seeking welth you all doe agree,
And yet you professe others friendes for to be,
Profite. ¶Ne quisque sapit, qui sibi non sapit,
This saying I redde, when as I went to schole,
One not wise for himselfe, is but a very fole.
Helpe. ¶By my troth, and of that opinyon am I,
And in that opinyon I meane for to dye.
Further. ¶Tush why spend you tyme in speaking of that,
While thereon you talke, in vayne is your chat.
For who helpes not himselfe, before any other,
I compt him a fole, & he were my brother,
And as I count him, all people doe so,
Therefore cease this talke, and hence let vs go,
For some of vs may chaunce to meete with a chyding,
Because that so long from home we are biding.
Profyte. ¶By S. Anne I thinke therein thou say well,
For I know thereof I am like to here tell.
Corage. ¶Why man a little while breaketh no square.

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elpe. ¶ Tush helpe hath excuse, to colour that cate.
urther. ¶ Yea but already we haue tarryed to long.
elpe. ¶ Why then ye were best goe without a song.
urther. ¶ Nay I will tarry to sing, though therefore I should dye.
rofite. ¶ By helpe to singing, I did neuer denye.
orage, ¶ Why then syrs haue at it corragiously.

The Song.

FYrst Corage causeth mindes of men,
to wish for good or ill:
And some by Corage now and then,
at Tiborne make their will.
Helpe, Profite, and Furtheraunce do layne,
Where Corage doth catch in any mans brayne.

¶ Then helpe in hope to haue his pray,
full secretly doth wayte:
And as the time doth serue alway,
he throweth forth his bayte.
Helpe, Profite. &c.

¶ Profite prolongeth not the time,
to please his paynted mind:
He palleth not though mayster pyne,
so he his pleasure find.
Helpe, Profite. &c.

¶ And Furtheraunce, thou last of all,
he came into the rowte:
He wayeth not his mayters thrall,
nor seekes to helpe him out.
Helpe, Profite, &c.

Finis.

ro. Fur. ¶ Now Corage farewell for we must be gone.
elpe, ¶ Nay syrs you two shall not go alone,

For

For I doe meane to beare you company,
And so shall we be euen a whole trinity.
Therefore Corage adewe. They three go out.

Corage. ¶ Syr here was a trinity in a witnesse,
A man might haue shapte thrée knaues by their likenesse.
A trinity much like to the trinity of late,
Where good wife Gull, brake her goodmans pate.
In came her man to make vp the number,
Who had his nose shode, with the steale of a scumber.
But in fyne, these thrée began to agrée,
And knit them selues vp in one trinity.
And after they loued like brother and brother,
For very loue, they did kill one another.
And then they were buried, I doe well remember,
In Stawtons strawne hat, vij. mile from December.
Where they had not lyen the space of a day,
But fower of those thrée, were thence run away.
The Constable came, with a backe on his bill,
And because they were gone, he did them kill.
I Corage so cleft their Cushions a sunder,
To sée how they bled, it made me to wonder.
I my selfe was smitten twise to the ground,
I was very sore hurt, but I had not a wound.
I buskeled my selfe as though fight I would,
And tooke me to my legges as fast as I could.
And so with much payne hither I did come,
But husht syrs I say, no moe wordes but mum.

Greedines enter. ¶ Tushe talke not of that, for in vayne you doe prate,
For there are none but fooles, that welthines doe hate.

Corage. ¶ What Grédinesse I say, why what is the matter,
Mayster welthinesse I would say, whereon doe you clatter?

Greedines ¶ What old friend Corage, arte thou so nere hand,
Marry I will shew thée, how the matter doth stand.
As I walked along, through by the stréete,
By such wayes as mine affayres did lie:
It was my chaunce with a preacher to méete,

And that way no blame thou ſhalt come vnto.

Greedines ¶Yea but truely his wordes did my conſcience prick,
Of me he did ſo vnhappely geſſe,
I promiſe thée he touched me vnto the quick,
For that in gayning I vſed exceſſe.
My conſcience doth tell me, I haue done amiſſe,
And of long time I haue gone aſtray,
And a thouſand witneſſes the conſcience is,
As Saluſt in moſte playne wordes doth ſay.

Corage. ¶Why doltiſh patch, arte thou ſo vnwiſe,
To quayle for the ſaying of ſuch a knaue,
Thou knoweſt all the world will thée deſpyſe,
And a begging thou mayſt goe, if that naught thou haue.
And how ſhalt thou haue ought,
If thy gayne be not great?
Conſider this well in thy minde,
Remember thy houſe, and thy wife that peate,
Muſt ſtill be kept in their coſtly kinde:
Therefore take the time, while the time doth ſerue,
Tyde taryeth no man, this thou doſte know,
If thy goods decay, then mayſt thou ſterue,
So doing thou ſéekeſt thine own ouerthrow.

Greedines ¶In déede as thou ſayeſt, it doth me behoue,
Not ſo raſhly to lay my gayning aſide,
Leaſt ſo my ſelfe a fole I doe proue,
By ſhoting from my profyte ſo wyde:
I conſider my welth is now at good ſtay,
Which I would be loth ſhould be impared,
For once rich, and after in decay,
Is a miſerable thing, as Hyemes hath declared.
Therefore I meane thy councell to take,
Leaſt of that miſery I know the ſmart,
Then is it to late any mone to make,
Or from ſuch fooliſhneſſe to reuart.
Therefore Corage adew vnto thée,
For it behoueth me hence to departe. Exiunt.

That you will ſtand my friend if I nede.

Corage. ¶ Aſſure thy ſelfe thereof without doubt,
Therefore ſhew me the matter thou goeſt about.

Neighbor. ¶ I thanke you ſyr euen with all my harte,
And I truſt alſo that Helpe will doe his parte.

Helpe. ¶ Doubt not but that I to thee will be cleauing,
Therefore procede and ſhew him thy meaning.

Neighbor. ¶ Then ſyr this is the matter, if it ſhall pleaſe you giue eare,
I haue a neighbour who dwelleth to me ſomewhat neare,
Who hath a Tenement, commodyous and feate,
To which Tenement I beare a loue very greate,
This man my neighbour as far as I can learne,
Hath in his Tenement but a ſhort tearme,
Fower or fyue yeares or there about,
Which tearme you know, will ſone be worne out,
Now ſyr might I in reuerſion, a leaſe thereof haue,
I would giue the Landlord, euen what he would craue.

Corage. ¶ And who is the Landlord, thereof can you tell?

Neighbor. ¶ Maiſter Greedineſſe, a man whome you know right well,
He is one which neuer did mony hate.

Corage. ¶ Why then ſpeake in time, leaſt thou be to late,
The Tyde taryeth no man the prouerbe hath ſayde,
Therefore ſee no time herein be delayde,
Maiſter Helpe here ſhalbe to thee a ſtay,
For with maiſter greedineſſe, he beareth great ſway.

Helpe. ¶ I will doe for him what lyeth in me.

Neighbor. ¶ And then to your paynes I will gladly ſee.

Corage. ¶ Doubt not then, but thou ſhalt haue thy mind.

Neighbor. ¶ As you ſay, I wiſh that I may it find,
But I doubt that of my purpoſe I ſhall miſſe,
By reaſon of one thing, and that is this:
My foreſayd neighbour which now holdeth the ſame,
Hath bene there a long dweller of good name and fame.
And well he is beloued both of yong and old,
Wherefore not onely the neighbours with him will holde.
But alſo the Landlord, I am in great doubt,

Wilbe therefore vnwilling to put him out,
And I but a straunger among them God wote.

Helpe. ¶ Marry syr it is much the better for that,
For if thou werte more straunge, and borne out of the land,
Thou shouldest sooner haue it I dare take in hand,
For among vs now, such is our countrey zeale,
That we loue best with straungers to deale.
To sell a lease deare, whosoeuer that will,
At the french, or dutch Church let him set vp his bill.
And he shall haue chapmen, I warrant you good store,
Looke what an English man bids, they will giue as much
We brokers of straungers, well know the gayne, (more.
By them we haue good rewardes for our payne.
Therefore though thou be straunge, the matter is not great,
For thy money is English, which must worke the feate.

Neighbor. ¶ In deede my money as a neighbour will agree,
With any man wheresoeuer it be.
And I my selfe would be a neighbour to,
And therefore the rather I doe that I doe,
For if it were not to be a neighbour by them,
I wisse I would not take a house so nye them.

Helpe. ¶ I dare say ech man would be glad at his harte,
To haue all his neighboures such as thou arte.
What matter is it, if thou thy selfe be sped,
Though thou take thy neighbours house ouer his head.

Corage. ¶ Tush that is no harme, but rather it is good,
For he doth it only for pure neighbourhood.
See yonder commeth one, if thou canst make him thy friend,
Then mayest thou shortly bring thy purpose to end.

¶ Furtheraunce entereth

Further. ¶ Now mayster Corage how doe you fare.

Corage. ¶ Euen glad is he that you so merry are;
Furtheraunce you must pleasure a friend of myne.

Further. ¶ Therefore I am ready at ech tide and tyme,
To doe for him what in me doth lye.

Truely I know not which way to conclude,
To get my selfe worship and renowne.
To win worship I would be right glad,
Therefore (willing to win worship) is my name:
In the countrey there is none such to be had,
And the Court doth aske great cost for the same.
So that what I shall doe, I know not yet,
I consider it is toward a good time:
Wherein tryumphing is vsed, as is moste fit,
And where Courtyers must shew themselues, braue and fine.
But this I conclude, as forced I am,
The Court for to leaue, and homeward to packe:
For where is the money? here is the man.
If man he may be, that money doth lacke.

Corage. ¶ Syr are you so foolish, the Court for to leaue?
When the time is, that worship you should win:
For in times of tryumphing, we alwayes perceaue,
The Courtyers worship, doth first begin.
Therefore do you from such foolishnesse stay,
And Fortune may chaunce, giue you as you wish.

Courtyer. ¶ But the wheeles of Fortune, as Socrates doth say,
Are like the snares, wherewith men take fish.
And in an other place, Plautus doth shew,
A saying in Latin, and that is this:
Festo die si quid prodigeris,
Profesto egere liceat nisi pepereris.
If on the Holiday, wasting thou doe vse,
On the worke day thou mayest beg, vnlesse well thou get:
So in tryumphing, like often insues,
That next after, waste, indigence is set.

Corage. ¶ Then Perianders wordes you accounpt least,
Who vnto honour, an incorager is:
Honor (sayeth he) Immortalis est,
Now syr I pray you, how like you this?

Courtyer. ¶ Those wordes to be true, I must nedes confesse,
For honour in deede, is an immortall fame:

And now is the time the same to possesse,
But I haue not wherewith to atchiue the same.
For money is he that the man must decke,
And though I haue attire both costly and gay,
Yet vnlesse it be new, I shall haue but a geck,
Therefore much better for me be away.

rage. ¶ Tush man for money be thou not sad,
You Courtyers I know haue Iewels good store,
And money for Iewels will alwayes be had,
Therefore for that matter care thou no more.

urtyer. ¶ Yea but how it is had, I partely doo know,
And what excessiue interest is payde,
Therefore you may say the more is my woe,
Would God that I had it neuer assayde.

rage. ¶ Well, what euer it cost, it must needes be had,
Therefore withstand not thy fortunate chaunce,
For I will count thee fole, worse then mad,
If thou wilt not spend money, thy selfe to aduaunce,
Now is the time of hap good or ill:
Venture it therefore while it is hote,
For the Tyde will not tarry for any mans will,
Neuer shalte thou spede, if now thou spede not.

urtyer. ¶ Truely this talke doth encourage me so much,
That to see the Court agayne, I doe pretend,
But I pray thee doest thou know any such,
As vse vpon gages money to lend?

rage. ¶ Why man for that matter you needs not to doubt,
Of such men there are ynow euery where,
But see how luckely it doth fall out.
See yonder two friendes of mine doe appeare.
There is a broker betweene man and man,
When as any bargaynes they haue in hand,
The other a Marchauntes man now and than,
In borrowing money, thy friendes they may stand.

Helpe and Furtheraunce enter.

Helpe. ¶ So are we in deede, and what of that?
Who is it that with vs would any thing dealt?

Courtyer. ¶ Euen I a Gentleman whome money doe lack,
And therein your friendship would gladly craue.

Helpe. ¶ Therein we can helpe you if your pleasure it be,
And will do or else we were greatly to blame,
Prouided alwayes that to our paynes you doe se,
And also put in a good pawne for the same.

Courtyer. ¶ A pawne sufficient I will therefore lay,
And also your paynes I will recompence well,
But I must needes haue it out of the way,
Although my Landes therefore I do sell.

Helpe. ¶ You shall haue it for so soone as you will,
And therein you shalbe friendly vsed,
For in friendly vsing this fellow hath skill, pointing to Fur-
Therefore his counsel must not be refused. therance.
He is seruaunt vnto a Marchaunt man,
Who is partly ruled after his minde.

Courtyer. ¶ In deede as you say, helpe me he can,
I doubt not but his friendship I shall fynd.
Doubt you not for, but in pleasuring me,
I will recompence your paynes with the moste.

Further. ¶ What I can doe for you, soone you shall se,
It is but folly thereof for to boast.

Courtyer. ¶ Well then it is time that hence we were packing.
For fayne an end thereof I would know.

Helpe. ¶ Why for no dilligence in vs shalbe lacking,
For we are ready, if that you be so.

Courtyer. ¶ Why then that we go I thinke it were best,
Thinke you your mayster is now at home?

Further. ¶ Ye I know well at home he doth rest,
And I gesse that now he is sitting alone,
Therefore no longer here let vs stay.

Courtyer. ¶ Then sir adew for I will leade the way.
Speaking to Corage & goeth out with Furtherance, & Helpe.

rage. ¶ How may you ſée how Cozage can worke,
And how he can encozage, both to good and bad:
The Marchaunt is incouraged, in grædineſſe to lurke,
And the Courtyer to win wozſhip, by Cozage is glad.
The one is good, no man will denay,
I meane cozage to win wozſhip and fame:
So that the other is ill, all men will ſay,
That is cozage to grædineſſe, which getteth ill name.
Thus may you ſée Cozage contagious,
And eake contrarious, both in me do reſt:
Foz I of kind, am allwayes various,
And chaunge, as to my mind ſéemeth beſt.
Betwéene man and wife, ſometimes I doe ſhowe,
Both my kindneſſe, when my pleaſure it is:
The goodwife giueth her huſband a blow,
And he foz reward, doth giue her a kiſſe.
The goodwyfe by Cozage, is hardy and ſtoute,
The goodman contrary, is pacient and méeke:
And ſuffreth himſelfe to be called loute,
Yea, and wozſe miſvſed, thzife in a wéeke.
How ſay you good wiues, is it not ſo?
I warrant you, not one that can ſay nay:
Whereby all men here, may right well know,
That all this is true which I doe ſay.
But yet Cozage tels you not all that he knowes,
Foz then he muſt tell, of ech wife the name:
Which is no gregts matter, the beſt are but ſhrewes,
But I will not ſay ſo, foz feare I haue blame.

Greedineſſe enter.

eedines ¶ How Cozage I ſay, what newes in the cotte?
What good tidinges abzoade, doeſt thou heare?
rage. ¶ Why what doeſt thou heare? bye thée home in poſte,
Foz I ſent home a Gentleman, to ſéeke foz thée there.
eedines ¶ And what is the matter that with me he would haue?

He

Corage. ¶He must borrow some money, his worship to saue.
Greedines ¶Tush then to tarry he will be glad,
If that he come any money to borrow.
Corage. ¶Yea but take the time, while it is to be had,
And deferre not thy profite, vntill to morrow.
This Gentleman is a Courtyer braue,
And now in neede of money doth stand:
Therefore thine owne asking, of him thou mayest haue,
So that thou wilte pleasure him out of hand.
Greedines ¶And is he a Courtyer, and standeth in neede,
This to my purpose, doth rightly fall:
For the needy Courtyers, my cofers do feede,
And I warrant thee, that pinch him I shall.
For since I know, his neede to be such,
That money he must needes occupy:
I know I cannot aske him to much,
If I his mind will satisfy.
Therfore now Corage to thee adew. Fayne a going out.
Corage. ¶Nay softe syr yet one word with you.
You told me not yet how you did agree,
With no good Neighbourhod, that good man growte.
Greedines ¶Mary syr he hath gone thorow with mee,
And the old Tenaunt he will thrust oute.
But I with that matter haue naught to doe,
Let them two now for that agree:
I know I should neuer haue come vnto,
So much as therefore he hath payed to mee.
Therefore I might be counted mad,
If I to his proffer would not haue tended:
This profitable lesson which of thee I had,
The Tyde taryeth no Man, was not vnremembred,
Profite entreth,
Profite. ¶God speede syr, I pray you shew me if you can,
Did you not mayster Welthinesse here about see.
Corage. ¶Cockes passion this is the Gentlemans man,
Speaking to Greedines,

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Which at home doth tarry for thée,
Syr Welthinkle is not hence far away.

Turning to Profite.

reedines ¶ I am hée syr, what would you of me require?
rofite. ¶ My mayster at home for your worship doth stay,
And to speake with you he doth greatly desyre.
If it be your pleasure home to repayre,
Or if ye will, he shall hether come,
Your mayster ships pleasure therefore declare,
And I know incontinent it shalbe done.
reedines ¶ May I meane homeward to hye,
For that I suppose to be the best,
And by all the meanes that in me doth lye,
I will fulfill your mayters request.
rofite. ¶ I trust also you will consider my payne,
Thereby I trust you shall not lose,
For perchaunce I may preferre your gayne,
By meane which with my mayster I doe vse.
reedines ¶ As I fynd thée ready in furthering of me,
So doubt thou not but thou shalt fynd,
We euen as ready in pleasuring of thée,
A word is ynough, thou knowest my minde,
Therefore hence let vs now take the way.
rofite. ¶ My mayster thinketh vs long I dare say. Exiunt.
orage. ¶ I warrant you I will not be long behind,
I know no cause why here I should stay,
A company of my scholers I know where to fynd,
Therefore toward them I will take the way. Exiunt.

The Tenaunt tormented entreth.

enaunt. ¶ Whether shall I goe, or which way shall I take,
To fynd a Christian constant and iust,
Eche man himselfe a Christian would make,
Yet few or none, that a man may trust.

But

But for the moſt parte fayned, inclined to luſt.
As to inſaciable couetouſeneſſe, moſte abhominable,
Or ſome other vice, moſte vile and deteſtable.
It is well knowen, what rigour doth raigne,
In that cruell tyger, my Landlord Crœdineſſe:
Who in my houſe, would not let me remayne,
But hath thruſt me out, with ſpitefull ſpœdineſſe.
Hauing no reſpect, to my naked nœdineſſe,
But altogether, regarding his gayne,
Hath bereaued my liuing from me, to my payne,
What neighbourhood is, may alſo be ſœne,
My neighbour ſuppoſed, is my deadly foe:
What cruell chaunce, like to mine hath bœne,
Both my houſe and liuing, I muſt now forgoe.
What neighbour is he, that hath ſerued me ſo?
Thus cruelly to take my houſe, ouer my head,
Wherein theſe forty yeares, I haue bene harbored and fed,
And now being aged, muſt thus be thruſt out,
With mine impotent wife, charge, and family:
Now how I ſhall liue, I ſtand in great dout,
Leading and ending, my life in miſery.
But better doe ſo, then as they liue, by thœuery,
Catching and ſnatching, all that euer they can,
Becauſe that (ſay they) Tyde taryeth no Man.
But God graunt that they, in following that Tyde,
Loſe not the tyde of Gods mercy and grace:
I doubt that from them, away it will ſlyde,
If they ſtill purſue the contrary race.
As dayly they doe, Gods lawes to deface,
To their own ſoules hurte, and to their neighbours damage,
Still following the inſtructions, of curſed Corage.
I ſœ whome I ſœke, is not here to be found,
I meane Chriſtianity, conſtant and iuſt:
I doubte that in bondage he lyeth faſt bound,
Or elſe he is dead, and lyeth buryed in duſt.
But if he be liuing, to fynd him I truſt,

Therefore till I fynd him, I will no where ſtay,
Neyther in ſeeking of him, I will make delay.

Enter Corage.

Corage. ¶ Ah ſyrra, I cannot chooſe but reioyce,
When I remember my little pretty boyes,
By ſchollers I meane, who all with one voyce,
Crye we loue Corage, without other choyce.
The yong nymphes I incorage and leade,
In ryotous footeſteps, ſo trimly to treade.
That guilty, and vnguilty, often they pleade,
And being found guilty, hang all ſaue the head.
The virgins which are but tender of age,
Rather then their trim attyre ſhould swage.
Their tayles for new they will lay to gage,
To euery ſlaue, peaſaunt, and page.
The graund ſignyoures, which in yeares are rype,
With couetous clawes, like the greedy grype,
Their poore brethren, from their liuinges do wype,
And euermore daunce, after Corages pype.
Corage neuer in quiet doth lye,
But the Tyde tarryeth no man, ſtill he doth crye.
Therefore worke thy will by and by,
That rich thou mayeſt be, when euer thou dy.

The mayd willfull Wanton enter.

Wanton. ¶ Of all misfortunes, mine is the worſt,
Truely I thinke I was accurſt:
When I was an infant, not fully nurſt,
Alas for griefe, my harte it will burſt.
I dayly ſee women as yong as I,
Which in whyte Caps, our doore doe go by:
I am as able as they, with a man to lye,
Yet my mother doth ſtill, my wedding denye.

Sha

She sayeth for wedding, that I not whit,
Maydes of fowerteene yeares she sayeth, hath his wit:
And so euery day she sayeth I shall tarry yet,
That would God I were put quick in the pit.
God wot we maydes, abide much misery,
And alwayes kept in, from hauing liberty:
Of euill tongues we walke in iecberty,
Most people are now so full of iclousy:
If a yongman a mayde doe but kisse,
Now (say the people) you may see what she is:
Where if I were a wyfe, nothing I should misse,
But liue like a Lady, in all ioyfull blisse.
I right well doe know, the peoples spight,
Because that to be pleasaunt, I haue delight:
Therefore past grace, they say I am quight,
And a wilfull wanton, my name they doe wright.
Yet I trust in God, once to see the day,
That to recompence their spight I may:
For if euer I be marryed, and beare any sway,
Then I know what I haue to say.
Therefore good God, make me shortly a wife,
Or else shortly take away my life.

age. ¶ Alas pretty Parnell, you may soone end this strife,
Yong men fit for husbandes, in this towne are ryfe.
And your mothers ill will, you may soone preuent,
If you will follow my councell, and intent.

nton. ¶ Oh but if my mother would thereto consent,
To be marryed this night, I could be content.

age. ¶ But consent she or not, yet is it for thee,
Vnto thine own preferment to see.
Doest thou with any yong man so agree,
That he would consent, thy husband to bee.

nton. ¶ Diuers there are, who gladly would haue me,
And being their wyfe, would trimly bebraue me.
From all wrong they would defend and saue me,
Truly knowe there are, which to wife doe craue me.

Corage. ¶Then deferre no time if that thou be wise,
For now to preferment, thou arte like to arise.
The Tide tarryeth no man, else the prouerbe lyes,
In delaying comes harmes, thou seest with thine eyes.
But by mariage all thy greefe shalbe eased,
And thy ioyes shall manifold wayes be increased.

Wanton. ¶But alas my mother will so be displeased,
That I know her wrath will neuer be appeased.

Corage. ¶And wilt thou for displeasing of her,
Thine owne preferment and fortune defer?
Now arte thou youthfull, thy selfe to prefere,
And thy youthfull bewty, mens heartes may steere.
But youthfull bewty will not alwayes last,
The Tyde tarryeth no man, but sone it is past.
Therefore to wedding, see thou make haste,
For now much time thou doest lose in waste.

Wanton. ¶Oh what comfortable wordes are these,
Truely your talke doth me greatly please,
I will not stint but seeke out alwayes,
Until that I haue found some ease.
I care not what my mother doe say,
This matter I will no longer delay.
But a husband I will haue out of the wey,
And then may I boldly dally and play.
No man dare me then once to controule,
Least my husband chaunce for to scoule.
If any man vse to intreate me foule,
My husband will lay him ouer the noule.
It doth me good to thinke of the blisse,
Which betweene new marryed couples is.
To see their dallyaunce sometime ywisse,
It setteth my teeth an edge by gisse.
Truely I would gladly giue my best frock,
And all thinges else vnto my smock.
To be marryed in the morning by vi. of the clock,
I beleeue in my heart if that I doe mock.

For you will not beleeue how I long,
To be one of the wedded throng.
My thinkes it lyeth in no tongue,
To shew the ioyes that is them among.

Corage. ¶ It passeth ioy which they imbrace,
They take their pleasure in euery place.
Like Aungels they doe run their race,
In passing blisse, and great solace.

Wanton. ¶ Well syr I will no longer tarry,
But some man out of hand will marry.
Although from my mothers minde I varry,
Yet your wordes in minde I carry.
Therefore good sir to you adew,
Untill agayne I meete with you.
If I spede well, a good coate new,
To your parte may chaunce insue. Exiunt

Corage. ¶ Alas wilfull wanton, my pretty peate,
My wordes haue set her in such a heate.
Now toward wedding her loue is so greate,
That scarce she can neither drinke nor eate.
Now I Corage in her doe begin,
So that for her mother she cares not a pin.
Now all her mind is a husband to win,
To be vnwedded she thinketh it sin.
How say you my virgines euery one,
Is it not a sinne to lye alone?
When .xij. yeares of age is gone,
I dare say you thinke so euery one.

Helpe entereth.

Helpe. ¶ Nay now let him shifte for himselfe if he will,
Since I am payed the thing I did seeke:
Alas good Gentleman, he is serued but ill,
In fayth he is in now by the weeke.
He hath naught but that, for which he hath payed,

The lone of his money he hath dearly bought,
I warrant you it might be boldly sayd,
His cardes being tolde, he hath wonne right nought.
¶ And how so Helpe? is he so pinch'd I say?
By my troth that is a sport for to heare.
¶ Serra, he standes bound forty poundes to pay,
But little more then thirty away he did beare,
For what with the marchauntes due ty for lone,
Item for writing vnto the scrybe:
The third part into my pouch is gone,
And the marchauntes man, hath not lost his bybe.
So that amongest vs fower, almost ten poundes,
Is clearely dispersed and spent:
The Gentleman sweareth, harte, blood, and woundes,
Repenting that after thy councell he went.
¶ Yea but syrs, my parte is the least,
Who am the Captayne of all the route.
¶ Tush man for that matter, set thy heart at rest,
For that which we haue, thou shalt not be without,
But syra, seest thou not who doth ponder appeare,
By my troth me thinkes two knaues they are.

Profite and Furtherance, enter together.

¶ Indede whosoeuer vnto thée is neare,
For a knaue he needeth not to seeke farre.
¶ Sirs I will tell troth to make you agrée,
By gesse I thinke, you are knaues all thrée.
¶ In deede thrée we are, we are no lesse,
And you are the fourth to make vp the messe.
¶ Well for that matter, we will not greatly striue,
But syrs what wind now did you hether driue?
¶ I sayth to the to thée what luck we haue had,
By (Willing to win Worshyp) that lucky lad.
To make talke thereof, now it is no time,
But if thou wilt go with vs, we will giue thée the wine.

¶ And

Profite. ¶And as my mayster pleased you two, and the scribe,
So of Gredinesse the Marchaunt, I had a bribe.
So that none of vs went varant away,
But of one of the parties, had honestly our pay.

Helpe. ¶Yea but of them both, I had my bribes,
My maysters, the Broker can play of both sides.
He is almost payd as well for his trotting,
As is the Scribe, for his writing or blotting.
Yea and yet both parties are not content,
For I dare say the gentleman, his bargayne doth repent.

Further. ¶Marry fye can you blame him, that so hath bene rung,
He may say he hath payde, to heare a faire tongue.
And now without his man he is gone,
His man geues him leaue for to walke alone.

Profite. ¶Let me alone, I warrant thee some excuse I will haue,
And the worst fall I know, I shalbe but called knaue.
But yet firs after him, I will hye,
And by the way I will inuent some lye.

Corage. ¶Nay softe Prosyte, you must not go so,
You must helpe to sing a parte or you goe.

Profite. ¶So it be short, I am well content.

Corage. ¶And all the residue thereto do consent.

The Song.

WE haue great gayne, with little payne,
And lightly spend it so:
We doe not toyle, nor yet we moyle,
As other poore folkes do.
We are winners all thrise,
And so will we bee,
Where euer that we come a;
For we know how,
To bend and bow,
And what is to be done a.

With. ¶To

¶ To knéele and crouch, to fill the pouch,
We are full glad and fayne:
We euer still, euen at our will,
Are getters of great gayne.
We are winners. &c.

¶ It is our will, to poule and pill,
All such as doe vs trust:
We beare in hande, good friendes to stand,
Though we be most vniust.
We be winners. &c.

¶ Full far aboutes, we know the routes,
Of them that riches had:
Whome through deceite, as fyth to bayte,
We made their thrift forth gad.
We are winners. &c.

Finis.

¶ Now Cole profite, in fayth gramarcy for thy song.
¶ Much good do it thée, but I am afeard I tarry to long.
Therefore friendes adue, for I will be gone.
¶ Nay softe Profite, leaue vs not behind,
For hence to depart, we also do minde.
¶ Then thée knaues on a cluster, get you together,
Néedes knaues you must go, for so you came hether.
¶ But here we found thée, a knaue most of all,
And so we leaue thée, as thou doest vs call.
¶ Now so is the purpose, and this is the case,
God cosen Cutpurse, if you be in place.
I beséech you now, your businesse to plye,
I warrant thée I, no man shall thée espye.
If they doe, it is but an howers hanging,
But such a purse thou mayest catch, worth a yeres spending.
I warrant thée encouraging thou shalt not lack,
Come hyther, let me clap thée on the back.

And if thou wilt now followe my requeſt,
At Tyborne I may chaunce clap thee on the breſt.
So that of clapping, thou ſhalt haue ſtore,
Here clapping behind, and at Tyborne before.
But coſen Cutpurſe, if ought thou do get,
I pray thee let me haue part of thy cheate.
I meane not of thy hanging fare,
But of thy purſe, and filched ſhare.
Well ſyrs it is time, that hence I doe pack me,
For I am afrayde, that ſome men doe lack me.
For ſome are perhaps, about ſome good deede,
And for lack of corage, they dare not proceede. Exiunt.

The Courtyer entreth.

Courtyer. ¶As with the poyſon, which is moſte delectable,
The heart of man, is ſoneſt infected:
So the foe moſte hurteth, who ſeemeth moſt amiable,
And of all wiſe men, is to be detected.
At this time this ſaying I haue elected,
For that they which friendſhip, to me profeſſed,
In ſteade thereof, my hurte haue addreſſed.
They promiſed me, my friendes for to ſtand,
And to helpe me to that which I did craue:
Untill that I had obligated my land,
And then was I ſubiect to euery knaue.
Eche man then a porcion would haue,
The Marchaunt for lone, the Broker for his payne,
And the ſcrybe for wryting, eche man had algayne.
Ninubula pluuia imbrem parit,
A mizeling ſhower ingendreth great wet,
Which ſaying officium prouerbia non tarit,
Many a little maketh a great.
So euery of them, by me wrought his feate,
And euery of theſe brybes, being caſt to account,
To a good porcion I feele do amount.

But what vilany is there in such,
Who knowing a man, of their helpe to haue nede:
Will incroch vpon him, so vnreasonable much,
Their owne gredy desires to fede.
Iuuenall I remember, doth teach them in dede,
Whose wordes are these, both open and playne,
The vicious man only, seketh his own gayne:
Yea twice vicious, may they be named,
Who doe auarice so much imbrace:
But what is their aunswere, when they are blamed,
Say they, we haue here but a little space.
Therefore we haue nede to be getting a pace,
Wherefore should we gayning lay away,
The Tyde tarryeth no Man, this is all they can say.

Corage entereth.

Corage. ¶ And as sone as she had supped vp the broth,
The ladle she layd vpon his face:
Woman quoth he, why arte thou so wroth?
Knaue quoth she, get thee out of this place.

And smyteth the gentleman.

Courtyer. ¶ Why friend, arte thou not well in thy wit,
Wherefore smitest thou me in such sorte?

Corage. ¶ Jesus Gentleman, are you here yet,
I thought long or this you had bene at the Courte,
Therefore you must pardon mine offence,
For I little thought it had bene you.

Courtyer. ¶ Thy company is so good, I will get me hence,
Therefore cursed Corage adue.

Corage. ¶ And in fayth will you nedes begon,
What man you might tarry a while.

Courtyer. ¶ In thy company I haue tarryed to long,
For I perceaue thou art full of guile. Exiunt.

Corage. ¶ Farewell frost, will you nedes be gone,
Adue since that you will nedes away:
In fayth this sporte is trimly alone,

That

Well ſyrs I muſt now leaue of this talke,
And I muſt bid you both twayne adue. Fayne a going out.

orage. ¶ Softe mayſter Greedineſſe whether do you walke,
What ſyr I pray you, one word with you.

reedines ¶ Towardes Powles Croſſe, from hence I doe goe,
Perchaunce ſome profite there I may mœte.

orage. ¶ To Powles Croſſe, what there will you doe,
Do you the Preachers wordes ſo well like.

reedines ¶ Tuſh for the preaching I paſſe not a pin,
It is not the matter wherefore I do go:
For that goeth out whereas it comes in,
But herein my meaning, to thee I will ſhow.
You know that many thether doe come,
Wherefore perchaunce, ſuch may be my hap:
Of my ill debtors there to ſpye ſome,
Whome without delay, by the hœles I will clap.

elpe. ¶ Why ſyr, and will you areſt them there?
While they at ſermon preaching be.

Greedines ¶ Will I quoth you, wherefore ſhould I feare,
It is beſt taking them, while I may them ſee.

Corage. ¶ Yea bir Lady ſyr, full wiſely you ſay,
Take them while you may them get:
Or elſe perchaunce it wilbe many a day,
Or on them agayne your eye you ſhall ſet.

Greedines ¶ I remember what you haue ſayd,
Tyde taryeth no man, marke you that:
Wherefore no time herein ſhalbe delayed,
Therefore ſyrs adew to long I do chat. Exiunt

Corage. ¶ Now that here is none but you and I,
I pray thee deliuer to me my part,
Diſpatch and geue me it by and by:
And that I ſay with a willing hart,

elpe. ¶ I know no part I haue of thine,
Therefore of me thou getteſt no part.

Corage. ¶ I will make thee confeſſe a parte of mine,
Or elſe I will make thy bones to ſmart.

¶ When

Helpe. ¶ When the reſidue doe thereto agrée,
Then will I alſo geue thée a parte:
But if they no part will giue vnto thée,
If I giue thée any, beſhrew my harte.
Corage. ¶ Yea friend Helpe, are you at that poynt,
I will make you otherwiſe to ſay:
Or elſe I will beate you in euery ioynt,
Now mayſter Helpe, how like you this play.

And fighteth to prolong the time, while Wantonneſſe maketh her ready.

Helpe. ¶ What hold thy hand man, arte thou ſo mad,
Corage. ¶ To confeſſe me a part, I will make thée glad.
Helpe. ¶ A parte thou ſhalt haue, when home we doe come.
Corage. ¶ Upon that condicion mine anger is done.
A ſyrra th inke you, to make me your knaue,
And yet all the profite your ſelues you would haue.

Enter waſtfulneſſe the huſband of Wantonneſſe,

Waſtful. ¶ What ioy is like the linked life:
What hope might hold me from my wife:
Can man his tongue ſo frame,
Or eke diſpoſe me from my dame:
What doth my ſubſtaunce good to mée,
I will therefore be franke and frée.
Where couples yong do méete,
That plyaunt péece ſo ſwéete.
My ioy for to declare,
Whoſe bewty is ſo rare.
In cofers lockt to lye,
To ſerue my wyfe and I.
Corage. ¶ Then doe you wiſely, I ſweare by S. Anne
Take time while time is, for time will away:
The niggard is neuer counted a man.

Therefore remember to doe as you say.

Vastful. ¶I warrant thée, what I haue sayd,
Nothing I meane shalbe delayed.
I will the same fulfill,
To ease and please my will.

elpe. ¶Truely syr you doe wisely therein,
For what good of hoording insues:
Undoubtedly I thinke it a sinne,
And beastes they are, which the same doe vse.

Vastful. ¶Vse it who list, for me he shall, I meane to hoord no store,
I meane to serue my time withall, and then I séeke no more.

Wantonnesse enter.

Vanton. ¶Jesus husband what doe you meane,
To run abroade, and leaue me at home:
You are such a man, as I haue not séene,
I see well, hereafter you will leaue me alone.
That so sone begin, from me to be straying,
What man, it is yet but honny mone.

Vastfull. ¶What woman would you haue me alwayes playing?
So may we shortly both be vndone.
As for pleasure there is a time,
So for profite there is the like:
Therefore I pray thée gentle wife mine,
Be contented that my profite I séeke.

Vanton. ¶Yea but husband I say consider in your mind,
That now we are yong, and pryaunt to play:
But age approaching, makes vs lame and blind,
And lusty corage doth then drawe away.
Then what may substaunce vs anayle,
For age no pleasure doth regard:
Therefore good sweete harte doe not quayle,
Thinke neuer that the world is hard.

orage. ¶Undoubtedly moste true it is.
The woman herein doth truely say:

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The Tyde taryeth no Man.

Sir haue not you heard before this,
Tyde taryeth no man, but will away.

Wastfull. ¶But better it is hardly to begin,
And after in better estate to bee:
Then fyrst to be aloft full trim,
And after to fall to lower degree.

Wanton. ¶Truely that is but a foolish toy,
At the fyrst to liue hardly and bare:
Many we see misse that hoped ioy,
And then it proueth, for others they spare.
Haue not many had, full sorrowfull hartes,
By losing of that which they did spare:
Had they not better haue taken their partes,
Then so for others, them selues to make bare.
And what know we, if we shall liue,
To take our partes of that we scrape:
Would it not then your harte greeue,
To leaue your substaunce in such rate.

Wastful. ¶Yea but sweete harte, if naught we shall haue,
When hereafter we shall aged war:
Then had we better with vs in graue,
Then needy pouerty should vs ber.

Wanton. ¶Doubt you that such chaunce shall befall,
Truely you are greatly vnwyse:
We are able to keepe vs from such thrall,

Wastfull. Spend, and God will send, else the prouerbe lyes,
¶His sending woman, we dayly do see,
Is a staffe and a wallet vnto such:
Who such excessiue spenders bee,
Experience thereof we haue to much.

Wanton. ¶Well husband this talke is in vayne,
Therefore cease so sharply to speake:
For vnlesse such talke you doe refrayne,
I feare for vnkindnesse my harte will breake.
I little thought that you would thus,
Haue now restrayned me of my will;

But now right well I may diſcerne, Shee weepeth.
That you doe loue ſome other gill.

Waſtful. ¶Why woman doeſt thou thinke that I,
Haue thought all this while, as I haue ſayd:
I did it onely thy mind to trye,
For pleaſure in me, ſhall not be delayd.
While the time is, the time I will take,
What ſoeuer I liſt to ſay:
Of my gods no God I will make,
Therefore good wife, do thy ſorrow away.

Wanton. ¶A fayth are you ſuch a one indeede,
By giſſe you made me almoſt afeard:
My harte in my belly was ready to bleede,
When ſuch foliſh words in you I heard.

Helpe. ¶I would haue counted him greatly vnwiſe,
If he were ſo foliſh, as himſelfe he made:
Foles they are, which ſuch pleaſure deſpiſe,
But I knew that therein he would not wade.
And truely I am right glad to ſee,
That ſo good an agreement betweene you is:
For truely where couples doe ſo well agree,
It may not be choſen, but there is great bliſſe.
I am ſorry that thus we muſt parte you froe,
Corage it is time for vs to departe.

Wanton. ¶But yet my friendes before that you goe,
Of a ſong helpe vs to ſing a parte.
By my troth husband we muſt needes haue a ſong,
Will you not helpe to further the ſame?

Waſtful. ¶Yes by my troth, ſo it be not long,
Or elſe you might count me greatly to blame.

Corage. ¶And I am content, a part for to beare.

Helpe. ¶Then be ſure I will helpe in with a ſhare.

The Song.

¶Though

The Tyde taryeth no Man.

THough Wastfulneſſe and wantonneſſe,
Some men haue vs two named:
Yet pleaſauntneſſe and plyauntneſſe,
Our names we haue now framed.
For as I one is pleaſaunt, to kiſſe and to cully,
The other is plyaunt as euer was holly.
As youth would it haue,
So will we be braue.

¶ To liue in bliſſe, we will not miſſe,
What care we for mens ſayings:
What ioy is this, to ſporte and kiſſe,
But hurte comes in delayings.
The one is full ready to the others becking,
Betweene vs there is neither chiding, nor checking.
As youth will it haue, &c.

¶ Full braue and full fyne, we paſſe the time,
Take time while time is byding:
What ioy is thine, the ſame is mine,
My mind ſhall not be ſlyding.
Our goods are our owne, why ſhould we ſpare,
Or for time to come, why ſhould we care.
As youth would it haue. &c.

Corage. ¶ Now friendes adue for we muſt depart,
Wastfull. ¶ Farewell my gentle friendes withall my hart.
Wanton. ¶ Well huſband now I will home repayre,
To ſee that your dinner dreſſed be. Exiunt.
Wastful. ¶ Doe ſo wife, and ſee we haue good fare,
I meane not long to tarry after thee. Pauſe.
Whoſe ioy may be compared to mine,
I haue a wife bewtifull and gay:
She is yong, pleaſaunt, proper and fyne,
And plyaunt to pleaſe me both night and day.
For whome ſhould I pinch, for whome ſhould I ſpare,

Why ſhould I not be liberall and free,
How euer the world goe I doe not care.
I haue ynough for my wife and me,
And if my ſubſtaunce chaunce to decay:
I know my credite is not ſo ill,
But that I can borrow twenty pound alway.
To ſerue me at my pleaſure and will,
For repayment thereof, no care I will take:
No matter it is if the ſame I may get,
While it laſteth, therewith I will merry make.
What ſkils it though that I come in debt.
While yong I am, youthfull I will be,
And paſſe my time in youthfull ſorte:
For as my wife here ſayd vnto me.
Age doth delight in no pleaſaunt ſporte,
Wherefore ſince pleaſure I doe loue:
In youth it behoues to take the ſame,
Nothing there from my heart ſhall moue.
But I thereto my heart will frame.
I feare me that I tarry to long,
My wife doe looke for me before this:
Therefore homeward I will be gone,
For there is ioy and heauenly bliſſe. Exiunt.

The Sergeaunt and the debtor reſted entereth.

Debtor. What infidelity in him doth reſt,
Who no time forbeareth to take his pray:
Moſt like the greedy or ſauadge beaſt,
Who in cruelty rageth both night and day.
Might he not the ſpace of one Sermon ſtay,
What care or minde gaue he to Gods word,
Who at preaching thereof did me ſo diſturbe.
Is the Sabboth day, and Paules Croſſe,
A time and place to ver thy debtor?
Or haſt thou Credineſſe by me had any loſſe?
Nay by me thou arte a hundereth pound the better,
I ſpeake of the leaſt and not of the greatter.

Yet

Yet I neuer denyed, my debt for to pay,
But in deede I requyred a longer day.

Sergeant. ¶ Tush fye this talke is all but in vayne,
Meane you thus the time to delay?
Diſpatch therefore, and pleaſe me for my payne,
And toward the Counter, let vs away.

Debtor. ¶ No haſte but good, ſtay yet a while,
Or elſe take the payne with me for to walke:
About the quantity of halfe a mile,
With a friend of mine, that I might talke.

Sergeant. ¶ For a Royall I will not ſo farre goe,
Therefore ſet your heart at quyet.

Debtor. ¶ I meane to pleaſe no Sergeant ſo,
I am no cuſtomer for your dyet.
But ſince to goe, you doe not intend,
You muſt take paynes here to tarry with me:
Untill for a friend of mine I doe ſend,
Which I truſt ſhortly my bayle will be.

Sergeant. ¶ Neyther will I with thee here remayne,
Therefore diſpatch and let vs away:
Thinkeſt thou that I hauing naught for my payne,
Will eyther goe with thee, or heare for thee ſtay.

Debtor. ¶ And what wilt thou aſke, with me here to ſtay?
At one word let me that vnderſtand.

Sergeant. ¶ At one word ten groates thou ſhalt pay,
Or elſe to the Counter we muſt out of hand.

Debtor. ¶ That will I doe with a right good will,
Rather then ſo much thou ſhalt get:
I will not ſo much thy minde fulfill,
If that my harte, my hand may let.

Sergeant. ¶ Why then with ſpeede let vs away,
This deede thou wilt repent I trow.

Debtor. ¶ Well, wherefore now doe we ſtay,
I am ready hence to goe.

Sergeant. ¶ Come on then.

They two [illegible]

A new Commody called

Christianity must enter with a sword, with a title of pollicy, but on the other syde of the tytle, must be written gods word, also a shield, wheron must be written riches, but on the other syde of the Shield must be Fayth.

Christian. ¶ Christianity I doe represent,
Muse not though the sword of pollicy I beare:
Neyther marueile not what is mine intent,
That this fayleable shield of riches I weare.
Grædy great, will haue it so euery where,
Grædy great for this cause I haue named,
For that the greater parte vse grædines, which is to be
As the greater parte will, thereto must I yæld, (blamed.
Their cruell force I may not withstand:
Therefore I beare this deformed sword and shield,
Which I may be ashamed to hold in my hand,
But the Lord deliuer me from their thraldome and band,
For if the enemy assayle me, then am I in thrall:
Because I lack such Armoure, as is taught by S. Paule,
For in steade of Gods word, and the shield of fayth,
I am deformed with pollicy, and riches vayne:
And still I say, as the greater parte sayeth,
I am still a christian, and so shall remayne,
By Christianity say they, no domage doth sustaine:
But alas they are deceiued, their armoure is not sure,
For neyther pollicy, nor ryches, may long time indure.
Yet vpon those two, we greatly depend,
We say by pollicy, our selues we can saue,
Riches as a shield, we say will defend,
And by riches we possesse what euer we craue,
So that for riches, we sell all that we haue.
Not onely the body, and all thinges terestriall,
But also the soule, which ought be celestiall.

Faythfull few enter.

Faythfull. ¶ Alas I lament to heare the report,
Which of vs cittizens in euery place is spread:
It is not long synce I came from the court,

Where

Where I would haue bene glad to haue hid my head.
With the ſpoyle of the ſymple, there they ſay were fed,
So that for the couetous grædines, which ſome cittizens vſe,
A ſhamefull ill reporte to the whole enſues.
But I muſt nædes confeſſe ſome among vs there be,
For whoſe ſakes the whole number beareth great blame:
They abuſe themſelues ſo, towardes euery degrée,
As man without reaſon, and paſt worldly ſhame,
Neither regard they their owne, nor their ill name.
So they may haue the chaffy treaſure of the world,
They paſſe not both with God and man to be abhord.
There is no time nor place, that they will forbeare,
When any of their helpe hath moſte nœde:
Then ſhall he pay treble for his money or ware,
Or elſe of them he is not like to ſpœde.
They nothing regard his powerty or nœde,
But who is it which ponder doth ſtand? he goeth toward him
Holding the Sword of Pollicy in his hand,
Moſte certayne I am, that face I ſhould know,
Syr is not your name Chriſtianity?

Chriſtian. ¶ Yes vndoubtedly, my name is ſo,
As you are faythfull fewe imbraſer of verity.

Faythfull. ¶ And ſhall the Sword of Pollicy, by Chriſtianity be borne,
Truely that is contrary to your nature and kinde:
Now are you deformed like a thing forlorne,
Which maketh me ſuſpect, of me in my minde.

Chriſtian. ¶ Oh Faythfull fewe, of me haue no doubt,
I am Chriſtianity, though thus deformed:
And though thus abuſed, by the great route,
Yet by God I truſt, my tytle ſhalbe turned.

Faythfull. ¶ By the power of God I will not delay, he turneth the title
To turne this tytle moſt vntrue and fayned,
And I will indue thée, and that ſtraight way,
With ſuch weapons, as Sayut Paule hath ordayned.

Chriſtian. ¶ Alas in vayne this payne ſhould take,
For as you faythfull, in number are fewe,

So the power is but small that you can make,
To resist the greedy great ones, who are agaynst you.
ythfull. ¶Si Deus nobiscum, quis contra nos,
If God be with vs, who may vs resist,
Weigh not then the number, but weigh his purpose,
Who ruleth all thinges, as himselfe doth list.
I know how Greedinesse, with the great part is vsed,
Their pilling, pouling, pinching and spoyling:
How both the simple and others, with them are abused,
They liue by the fruites of other mens toyling.
But God is not dead, neyther is he a sleepe,
Although for a time his hand he doth hold:
Yet doth he remember his little sheepe,
And will reuenge the wrong done to his folde.

Corage and Greedines enter as though they saw not Christianity.

orage. ¶Let them say what they wil, doe thou as I told thee,
Trust thou not to any knaue of them all:
Not a Preacher of them all, in thy neede will vphold thee,
Try them who will, their deuotion is small.
reedines ¶Thou wilt not beleeue how the knaue did prate,
Ye cittizens repent, thus he did crye,
Looke about in time quoth hee, or it be to late,
For the vengeaunce of God at hand is full nye.
As though he knew what were in Gods minde,
Surely it is a shame, they are so suffred to lye.
orage. ¶But in my talke great profyte thou doste fynde,
They are all lyers as their talke doth trye,
By my doctrine thou haste great profyte and gayne,
Great riches and substaunce, therby thou doest win:
To instruct thee dayly I take great payne,
Which way thou shalt thy riches bring in.
reedines ¶Thou doest so in deede, and thankes I thee giue,
But syrra, now I remember a thing:
Which made me not long since, to laugh in my sleeue,
To me a yong Gentleman the Broker did bring,

Whose

Whose Father was dead of late as it seemed,
And his landes in Morgage to a Marchaunt was layde,
Wherefore it behoued the same were redeemed,
For the day was at hand, when the same should be payde,
And I perceauing his neede to be such,
I thought I would pinch him or that I went,
To giue mine owne asking, he did not greatly grudge,
And when I had girded him, thence I him sent.

Faythfull. ¶ More shame for thee, and such as thou art,
That with life thou arte permitted, it is great pitty,
Thou arte a Christyan with a cankered heart,
And the cause of reproch to a whole citty.
Christianity by thee is greatly abused,
Of his righteous Armour, thou doest him bereaue,
And in stead thereof, by him to be vsed,
The Armour of Sathan, with him thou doste leaue.

Greedines ¶ Why would you not haue me, how to inuent,
Which way were best to bring in my gayne?

Faythfull. ¶ But not in such sort, to set thine intent,
That all the world of thee should complayne.

Greedines ¶ I crye you mercy, I know where you are now.
In a Courtyers behalf, this oration you make,
Of late there was one, complayned how,
Excessiue gayne of him I did take.
It is the cast of them all so to say,
When prodigally their money is spent:
Or if the Prince will them not pay,
Then on the Marchaunt, some lyes they inuent.

Faythfull. ¶ Arte thou not ashamed of thy Prince to speake ill?
Thine owne abused doing to excuse:
No marueyle though the citty haue all mens ill will,
When both in word and deede, thy selfe thou doest misvse.
Sed Reginum est male, audire cum besecerint,
Antisthenes doth truely this saying recite,
It is geuen to Princes (sayeth he) though they be benenolēt,
To be euell spoken of which is agaynst all right.

reedines ¶Syr you are best say no more, then you are able to proue,
Least I make you to repent your boldnesse,
For if my pacience you to much do moue,
I may chaunce turne your heate into a coldnesse.
Why I lende my monsy like a friend for good will,
And thereby doe helpe men at their nede.

aythfull. ¶A friend thou arte in deede, though a friend but ill,
Pithagoras thy friendship, hath playnely decreede,
There be many sayth he, who no friendes do lacke,
And yet of friendship they haue but skant,
So thou arte a friend for their moneys sake,
And yet thy friendship they alwayes shall want.

hristian. ¶Assuredly thou highly offendest,
For that so double in dealing thou arte:
Aristotle sayeth, by the same thou pretendest,
And not so to beare a dissembling harte.
A Christian ought not vnto riches to yeld,
For it is a thing but sayleable and vayne,
Riches is no perpetuall shielde,
But the shield of Fayth, shall euer remayne.
Take therefore sayth, and Gods word for thy sworde,
And arme Christianity in this wise.

reedines ¶Shall pollicy and riches then be abhord,
Syr they are fooles that them will despise.
I put case pouerty should me assayle,
Can Gods word and sayth me any thing ayde:
Pouerty agaynst riches can neuer auayle,
I am sure syr this may not be denayde.

Faythfull. ¶We deny not, but in this world, riches beare the sway,
Yet, it not right is to be called sure:
For in Gods power it is to make riches decay,
Whereas Gods word and sayth shall euer endure.

Greedines ¶But geue me riches, take you Gods word and sayth,
And see which of vs shall haue the better gayne.

Christian. ¶Now Faythfull few, you here what he sayth,
Therefore to turne the tytles I must be fayne,

Well

Faythfull. ¶Well since it will no better be,
To God let vs the cause betake:
Whome I trust, when as time he doth se,
He will for vs, a deliueraunce make.

Corage. ¶Come Mayster Welthinesse, let vs away,
What should we here any longer doe:

Greedines ¶In deede I hold it best as you say,
Therefore your saying I agree vnto. They two go out.

Faythfull. ¶Sorry I am, to see his estate,
Now neare he is, to the Founte of perdition:
God graunt him repentaunce, or it be to late,
That of his sinnes he may haue remission.

Christian. ¶But alas, he goeth the contrary way,
For of his couetousnesse, he taketh no ruth:
And Aristotle I remember doth say,
The couetous man cannot learne the truth.
Wherefore he cannot, or will not know,
The way to reforme me Christianity:
Therefore from this place now I will goe,
To pray vnto God to shew him the verity.
Now Faythfull fewe adue vnto thee,
I will pray vnto God for thy comfort and ayd:
I beseech thee make like intercession for me,
And that my reformation be not long delayd. Exiunt.

Faythfull. ¶Doubt not thereof good Christianity,
My indeuour herein shall not be delayde:
Alas what is man not knowing the verity,
No man, but a beast he may be sayd.
Yet many there are, which in the world doth liue,
Who for Christians will needes accounpted be:
Though to all abhominations, their selues they doe giue,
And from no kind of vice be cleare or free.
Couetousnesse is accounpted no sinne,
Vsury is a science and art:
All wayes are good, whereby we may win,
Although it be to our neighbours smart.

Whereby it appeareth, from loue we are frée,
The wordes of the wise, we nothing regarde:
For without loue, no vertue can perfect bée,
As Plato the wyse, hath playnly declarde.
No good thing without loue, it is possible to doe,
Seneca of that opinyon hath bene:
Then how many good thinges, do they now thinke you,
In whome no loue at all there is séene.
They watch their times, the simple to snare,
No time they forbeare, their pleasures to worke:
God graunt we therefore of them may beware,
For priuily to snare vs, they dayly doe lurke.

Enter Wastfulnesse poorely.

astful. ¶Oh more then wretch, which so foulishly haste spent,
Not onely thine own goods, but also other mens:
What accompt shall I make, for the goods to me lent,
Which neuer I am able for to recompence.
How wastfully haue I, with wantonnesse my wife,
Consumed our goods, substaunce and treasure,
That would to God I were out of my life,
For the remembraunce thereof, is gréefe without measure.
My wyfe and I now, are asunder dispersed,
Ech of vs, to séeke our liuing alone:
Alas our woe may not be rehearsed,
Vnto whome now should we make our mone.
In taking the time, to toward we weare,
We were afeard to long to abide:
Voyages councell in mind we did beare,
He sayd that for no man would tarry the tyde.
But well away now, which way shall I run,
I know it is folly vnto God to call:
For God I know my petition will shun,
And into perdition I am now like to fall.
Dispayre, dispayre.

Dispayre enter in some ougly shape, and stand behind him.

Why

Why ſhould I diſpayre, ſince God doth behold,
The ſinner with mercy as the Scripture doth ſay.
Diſpaire. ¶ But thy prodigall ſinnes are ſo manifold,
That God of mercy, doth thee vtterly denay.
Therefore to ende thy life it is beſt,
Thy calling for mercy, is all but in vayne:
By ending thy life, thou ſhalt be at reſt,
But if longer thou liue, great ſhall be thy payne.
Waſtfull. ¶ Well then will I ſeeke ſome place where I may,
Finiſh my life with Cord, or with knyfe:
The diſpatch thereof, I will not delay,
Farewell now all the world, but cheefely my wife. fayne a
Faythfull few plucketh him agayne. (going out.
Faythfull. ¶ Softe ſtay a whyle, and be not ſo raſh,
Thinkeſt thou God vnmercifull to be:
Wilt thou truſt diſpayre, euen at the fyrſt daſh,
Haſt thou no fayth in Gods mercy ſo free,
Call vpon god with repentaunce and fayth,
By ſuch wayes and meanes as I will inſtruct thee.
Waſtfull. ¶ I beleeue God is mercifull, as the Scripture ſayeth.
They both kneele, and Waſtfull ſayeth after Faythfull,
Faythfull. ¶ Well follow mee, and I will conduct thee.
Oh heauenly Father pardon my offence.
Waſtfull. ¶ Oh heauenly father, pardon mine offence.
Faythfull. ¶ And graunt that thy mercy may to me repayre.
Waſtfull. ¶ And graunt that thy mercy may to me repayre,
Faythfull. ¶ Alſo O Father baniſh thou hence,
Waſtfull. ¶ Alſo O Father baniſh thou hence.
Faythfull. ¶ That wicked Monſter of Diſpayre,
Waſtfull. ¶ That wicked Monſter of Diſpayre.
Diſpayre flyeth, and they ariſe.
Faythfull. ¶ How feeleſt thou now, thy conſcience and minde,
Hopeſt thou not, of gods mercy and grace?
Waſtfull. ¶ Well God be prayſed that here I thee finde,
How happy was I to approch this place.
Diſpayre is now fled, I perfectly know,

And in Gods mercy I hymely doe truſt,
Therefore O Lord deliuer me from thrall:
And pardon me a ſinner, moſt vile and vniuſt.
ythfull. ¶ That is very well ſayd, if ſo thou doe thinke,
And now frame thy ſelfe, thy life to amend,
Let diſpayre no more into thy mind ſincke:
But to be a new man, doe thou now pretend.
And as hertofore thy mind for to pleaſe,
Thou haſte learned the Tyde will tarry no man,
So now it behoueth for thy greater eaſe,
That ſaying, after Gods will for to ſcan.
Take time while time is, thus I doe meane,
Amend thy life whilſt here thou haſte ſpace:
To Gods mercifull promiſes ſée that thou leane,
So ſhalt thou enioy the Tide of his grace.
aſtful. ¶ To follow your councell, I will doe my indeuour,
I will ſéeke the ſame in all poyntes to performe:
The effect of your wordes I will forget neuer,
And now I will hence, my wife to reforme.
That ſhe and I, in manner new,
May amend our lines, to Gods glory and prayſe:
Wherefore good ſyr vnto you adue,
I beſeech the Lord to ſend thée good dayes. Exiunt.
ythfull. ¶ Sée how the time takers their fact doth repent,
Who no time will ſpare in pleaſing their will:
And although the beginning haue a pleaſaunt ſente,
Yet of the ending, the taſte is as ill.
For who euer it be that without meaſure,
Doth conſume his ſubſtaunce in prodigall ſorte:
Although he had aboundaunce of treaſure,
Yet will he be a begger, and that in time ſhorte.
I marueile where Authority is,
Who ſhould ſée a helpe for the ſimple oppreſſed:
Many thinges there are greatly amiſſe,
Which by his meanes muſt néedes be redreſſed.
His abſence greatly diſquieteth my minde,

I will not ceaſe ſeeking, vntill him I do finde. Exiunt.

Enter Corage weeping.

Corage. ¶ But alas this tydinges are ill,
My friend maiſter Grœdineſſe, hath ended his dayes,
Diſpayre vpon him hath wrought his will,
And deſperately now he is gone his wayes.
As one enraged and out of his wit,
No remembraunce of God he would haue:
Alas poore man he had a great fit,
Before that well he was layde in his graue. (himſelfe.
Why but is Grœdines dead in good ſadneſſe, reaſoning with
My thinkes theſe newes are not true which you tell:
Yes truely he dyed in a great madneſſe,
And went with the Tyde boate ſtraight into hell.
Why fole, Grœdineſſe will neuer dye,
So long as couetous people do liue:
Then you belike doe thinke that I doe lye,
I am as honeſt a man as any in your ſleeue.
I am ſure he is dead, or one in his likeneſſe,
For when he was buryed I ſtood by:
And ſome ſayd he dyed of the new ſickneſſe,
Therefore ſyr thinke not that I doe lye.
For I am as ſorry for the death of the man,
As any man that liueth this day:
Wherefore I muſt needes weepe if I can.
But hulht ſome body is comming this way.

Enter Authority and Faythfull few.

Faythfull. ¶ Surely Authority the ſame is euen he,
I warrant you ſyr, you neede not to doubt.

Authori. ¶ Then wyll we handle him kindly thou ſhalt ſee,
Therefore ſee that from vs he eſcape not out.

Corage. ¶ God ſaue your honour, and proſper your eſtate,
I am glad to ſee you approch this place:
Thoſe which ſay ill of you, I vtterly doe hate,
I aunſwere for your honour in euery caſe.

Autho. ¶ Ah craftye caytife, why diſſembleſt thou ſo?

Doeſt thou thinke that vs thou mayeſt ſo blind,
Thy contagious dooinges we right well do know,
And take thy property, nature and kind.
Thou arte an encorager to all kindes of vice,
The aged to auarice, and greedy deſire,
The yonger ſorte lack none of thine aduice,
To all ſuch acts as the Deuill doth require.

orage. ¶ Loe Syr, I thought you did me miſtake,
I know right well, the man whome you meane,
To fetch him heather, good ſpeede I will make,
I warrant you, I wil ſhortly be here agayn. Fayne to go out

aythfull. ¶ Nay ſofte he is here, whome that we would haue,
Therefore you neede not him for to fetch.

orage. ¶ Yes I will fetch him, for he is a very knaue, (out.
And almes it is, that a rope he ſhould ſtretch. Still fayn to go

uthori. ¶ Upon thy ſelfe, iuſt iudgement thou doeſt giue,
Iuuenall ſayeth, Citties are well gouerned,
Whereas ſuch rebelles are now ſuffered to liue,
But after their deſertes, are iuſtly puniſhed.

orage. ¶ They which are Rebelles, it behoueth in deede,
That they be corrected and puniſhed ſo,
For they doo much harme in euery ſteede,
But I am none ſuch, I would you ſhould know.

uthori. ¶ Thou ſhalt know what thou art, or hence we depart,
Faythfull few vpon him lay holde.

orage. ¶ By gis ſir, then I will cauſe him to ſmart,
Therefore to touch me, be not ſo bold.

aythfull ¶ Syr ſee where commeth Correction alſo.

Correction enter.

Autho. ¶ Draw neare Correction and thine office doe,
Take here this captife vnto the Jayle.

Correcti. ¶ Syr to doe your commaundement I will not fayle,
Come on Syrra and let vs away.

orage. ¶ Nay ſofte a whyle your wiſedome ſtay,
Hold me when you haue me, but you haue me not yet,
And perchaunce ere you haue me, your noſe I will ſlit.

¶ Thinke ſt

Correcti. ¶ Thinkeſt thou with bragges to make me afeard.
And beginneth to lay handes on him.
Corage. ¶ You are beſt ſtand further, leaſt I ſhaue your beard.
They ſtriue, he draweth his dagger and fyghteth.
Correcti. ¶ In fayth ſir, now I wil geue you the check, & catcheth him
Corage. ¶ Oh gods paſſyon, wilt thou breake my neck?
Is there no man here that hath a worſt wife,
If he will in my ſtead, he ſhall end his life.
Correcti. ¶ Tuſh let vs hence, thy talke is in vayne.
Corage. ¶ Sith ſins there is no remedy, beſt is a ſhort payne. Exit.
Faythfull ¶ When all malefactors are duely thus puniſhed,
According to the good and godly lawes,
Then ſhall Chriſtianity duely be burniſhed,
And to prayſe God, we ſhall haue cauſe.
Autho. ¶ O Faythfull few, doubt not but as we,
Are able Chriſtianities eſtate to reforme:
So his reformation in ſhort time thou ſhalt ſe,
For we for his eſtate doe lament and mourne.
Of our ſelues we are not able to compaſſe this thing,
But by the ſworde of Gods power, which to vs is lent;
Wherefore Faythfull few, haue thou no doubting,
But we thereunto doe gladly conſent.
For to Socrates ſaying, ſome reſpect we haue,
Who ſayeth a citty is not to be prayſed,
For the greatneſſe of buildings, gorgious and braue,
But for the good inhabitauntes, which therein are placed.
So we accoumpt thoſe countreyes but ill,
Which vicious perſons doth mainteine and noriſh,
Although they haue all thinges at their will,
And although in treaſure they aboundauntly floriſh.
Faythfull ¶ Oh noble Authority, by this your occaſion,
Great tranſaunillity to vs ſhall befall:
We ſhalbe a ioy to eth godly nation,
When Chriſtianity is deliuered from thrall,
For better it were vnchriſtened to be,

Then our Chriſtianity for to abuſe:
The Jewiſh Infidell to God doth more agree,
Then ſuch as Chriſtianity do to miſuſe.
But ſee yonder where he doth appeare,
Whome abuſed armour doth greatly oppreſſe.
Chriſtianity enter in as at the fyrſt.
hour. ¶O Chriſtianity vnto vs draw neare,
That we thy abuſed eſtate may redreſſe.
And as freely as this power vnto vs is lent,
Here we now by force of the ſame:
To thee faythfull fewe do here conſent,
That thou Chriſtianities eſtate ſhalt frame.
In ſuch good forme, faſhion, and ſhape,
As the ſame ſhall not be turned agayne:
But ſhall continue in a Godly rate,
From henceforth euermore to remayne.
thfull. ¶God graunt that ſoit may be kept,
As all Chriſtians it may become:
And for my part it ſhall not be ſlept,
But my duty ſhall ſtraight way be done. he turneth the tyles.
riſtian. ¶Now God be prayſed who thus agayne,
Hath reſtored me to my former eſtate:
And hath extinguiſhed from me all payne,
God graunt that now I be not founde vngrate.
And God graunt that all Chriſtians may me duly imbrace,
In ſuch ſorte as Gods will it is:
So ſhall they be ſure of a reſting place,
In Heauen where raigneth all ioy and bliſſe.

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